# Bury Me by BCJ1997

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**Summary:**

“Just because you’re back doesn’t mean you get to control my life!” She hisses.

“That’s funny,” he chuckles, “cause I’m pretty sure Susan begged me to come back here because she couldn’t control you herself anymore.”

“She only asked you to because she’s scared that I’m becoming just like you.”

Billy gives her a wicked grin, though she can see the bitterness in it.

She wants to wipe it off his stupid face.

“Hate to break it to you, shithead,” he says with slight amusement. “But have you taken a look in the mirror lately? You are exactly like me.”

Or

Max is on a downward spiral after dealing with Neil’s abuse for the past 3 years. Billy’s learning to deal with his own baggage and trauma that he thought he left behind for good, while also attempting to save the little sister who he made the mistake of leaving behind the summer after he graduated.

And then there’s Steve fucking Harrington, who won’t get the hell out of his head.

# 1. Chapter 1

**Author's Note:**

> So this story shows both the past and present. All of the events in season 3 happened, except Billy isn't there at all because in this story he leaves Hawkins after he graduates high school.

Present Day, 1988

Max Mayfield is not like her brother. Not at fucking all.

Okay, sure, she comes home reeking of beer and cigarettes way past curfew (because she can do that now that fuckface bit the dust.) She can understand why her mother looks at her with worried eyes and nervous glances sometimes.

And yeah, her personality has changed a bit. She's more angry at the world now. Her sense of humor is a little darker. She's more likely to bite back, or get defensive. Easier to rile up. She can kind of get why her friends have slightly distanced themselves, and why Lucas thought it was time to see other people.

Fine, maybe her temper is a bit out of hand. Maybe she's hotheaded. Maybe she feels a blinding hot rage sometimes and gets a little violent when someone pisses her off. Like the time she was at Ashley Hugh's party and some asshole she didn't recognize made a comment that set her off so badly she flipped over the small table he was sitting at and lunged at him. Probably would have tried to break his nose if Mike and Will hadn't been there to drag her away. She can sort of see why people call her *Billy Hargrove's fucked up little sister*

behind her back.

Maybe Neil had fucked her up more than she cares to admit. But that doesn't mean she's anything like Billy.

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*1985*

*Max stops in the doorway of Billy's room.*

*He's stuffing the last of his clothes into his duffel bag, back turned to her. She watches him silently, mainly because she isn't sure what to say. Is she supposed to wish him good luck? Push her luck and ask him, again, why he's leaving?*

*Ask him to stay?*

*No matter how much of an asshole Billy is, no matter how much he frightens her sometimes, it's not gonna feel right not having him around. Never sitting next to him in the Camarro while he blasts music and drives like a maniac. Sitting through an awkward meal with her mom and Neil all by herself.*

*Maybe a part of her hated him. It feels like it at times when she's really pissed at him. But he's always been here, always. And now he was just*

*leaving, and he's made it more than clear that he's never coming back.*

*"What do you want, shitbird?" His voice snaps her out of her thoughts with a jump. He's still not facing her, but of course he knew she was standing there.*

*"Nothing," she says quickly, crossing her arms. "Just...are you really doing this?" Stupid. Of course he's doing this.*

*He chuckles, a bit darkly. "Yeah, Max, I'm really doing this. So why don't you tell me what you want so I can get the hell out of here?" He turns towards her, crossing his own arms, and waits; stares at her mockingly.*

*Max feels flustered for a moment and hates that he always manages to do this to her.*

*"Do you even have enough money? Where are you gonna live?" She huffs.*

*"Not your problem. Anything else?" He taps his foot impatiently.*

***Yeah, you dick, I don't want you to go.***

*"You're not...are you at least gonna visit?" She tries to keep her voice casual, doesn't want the bastard to have the satisfaction of knowing that this is bothering her even in the slightest.*

*Billy doesn't speak for a moment. Then he turns around, goes back to packing as he lights a cigarette. He inhales deeply, makes sure to take his sweet time as he blows the smoke out.*

*"You really wanna know why I'm leaving this shithole, Maxine?" He says it lightly, but Max isn't stupid. There's an edge to it.*

*She doesn't really know what to say, because yeah, she knows Neil and him argue a lot, and she knows he can be a hardass and sometimes mean to Billy, but he never seemed that bad.*

*"Well?" He says, louder. On the verge of anger.*

*"I don't care," she snaps. "It's whatever. Go and never come back." She doesn't mean it, but this is how shit has been between them for a while. It's what she knows best.*

*He pauses to take another drag of his cigarette. "Oh, Max, you have so much to learn. You have no fucking idea." He laughs without any humor, zips up his duffle and slings it over his shoulder before turning back around to look at her.*

*"I know that you're running away like a coward!"*

*The words are out of her mouth before she can stop them.*

*Billy's eyes flash. Face hardens as a dangerous look crosses his face. He*

*stubs out his cigarette and takes a step towards her.*

*“What did you say?” He demands. “What did you say to me?”*

*This is the Billy she hates.*

*“Say it again,” he snarls when she doesn’t answer him fast enough.*

*“You know what, Billy—“*

*Susan’s voice rings out from the kitchen, interrupting them. “Billy, could you come here, please? Your father would like to speak with you before you leave.”*

*Billy doesn’t take his eyes off of Max as he calls back, “I’ll be right there, Susan.”*

*They both stand there, neither of them backing down as they glare at each other. But after a moment it’s clear Billy doesn’t wanna keep Neil waiting, knows what’ll happen if he does, because he starts to walk out of the room, but stops right as he passes her.*

*“If you were smart,” he says, voice low but neutral now, calmer, “you’d get the hell out of here as soon as you get the chance. Trust me, Daddy Neil isn’t as perfect as you think he is.”*

*And then he's gone. Just like that.*

*There's loud voices downstairs. She can only imagine who they belong to. A few minutes later there's the slam of the front door that shakes the whole house, the sound of the camarro starting up, and a loud "fuck you, old man!" that Billy screams out the window as he drives off.*

*She's all alone.*

*A week later she learns exactly what Billy had been talking about all along when she comes home a little later than curfew. A sharp slap to the face that, compared to what comes to her later on in life, she finds out, is nothing, but she'll never forget it.*

*Billy got out and left her trapped in hell.*

## 2. Chapter 2

**Notes for the Chapter:**

> This chapter is wicked short and I'm sorry. I wanted to make it longer and add more, but my older cousin passed away unexpectedly and I've had a lot to deal with. Wanted to post this before too much time had passed, however.

*1985*

*Max is late.*

*It's only by fifteen minutes, but she knows Neil isn't going to be too happy. She'll probably get a lecture about being responsible and on time. Oh, well. She can sit and listen and be agreeable for five minutes. In one ear and out the other.*

*Tucking her skateboard under her arm, she unlocks the door with her key and steps inside the house.*

*The house is mostly dark, minus the glow from the tv in the living room. Her mom is nowhere to be seen, and Neil is sitting in his recliner. He looks up when she steps into the room.*

*"Maxine, where have you been?" His voice is calm, but she knows from watching him and Billy that this is the calm before the storm.*

*Okay, the lecture is out. He's definitely going to yell at her.*

"*I lost track of time," she says quickly. "We got a little caught up in our game."*

*Neil stands up, disappointment written all over his face. "And you think that's okay?"*

*Max pushes down her annoyance. "It was an accident. Won't happen again."*

*"Do you understand how worried your mother was, Maxine?"*

*“It’s Max.” Now she’s getting pissed. “And it was only fifteen minutes. I don’t understand what the big deal—“*

*Before she can finish her sentence, Neil is on her. He crosses the room before she can even process what’s going on, can’t even react as he lifts his hand up and uses the back of it to slap her. Hard.*

*With a cry, she spins around and falls to the ground. Her elbow hits the wood, which hurts like a bitch, and the right side of her cheek stings so bad she can’t think for a moment.*

*Neil bends down and grabs her arm, nails digging in as he forces her to sit up.*

“*Now, I didn’t wanna have to do that.” The calmness in his voice sends chills down her spine. “However, it seems to me like I’m going to have to teach you the same lessons I taught your brother. Respect and responsibility, Maxine.”*

*Billy.*

*Max looks at Neil with wide eyes, because she’s just had the sick realization that this? This right here is why Billy left. This is why she would hear crashes when he and Neil got into it. It was never them throwing things like Susan had told her. It was Neil putting his hands on his son. This is why Billy was always in a horrible mood the day after. This is why sometimes it looked like it hurt for him to move or sit down.*

*How could she have been so blind?*

*“Neil?” Susan comes into the living room and looks at the scene in front of her, horrified. “Neil, what’s going on?”*

*Neil doesn’t tear his eyes away from Max as he speaks to his wife. It reminds Max of Billy.*

*“I was just explaining to Max that her behavior is unacceptable, and she won’t be late again. Isn’t that right, Max?”*

***Go fuck yourself,** she wants to say. Instead, she nods, and hisses when his grip on her gets tighter.*

*“Neil!” Susan gasps. “Neil, stop it!”*

*“Isn’t that right, Maxine?” He says, much louder.*

*And at this moment, she’ll do anything to escape him, to go to her room so she can lock the door.*

*“Yes,” she mutters.*

*“Yes, what?”*

*“Yes, sir.”*

*“I can’t hear you.”*

*“Yes, sir!”*

*He drops her arm, satisfied, and stands up.*

*“I believe your mother left your dinner in the oven,” Neil says, like what happened didn’t just happen at all. “Make sure to do the dishes when you’re done.”*

*He steps over here, gently takes Susan by the arm and begins to lead them down the hall into their room. Her mother gives her worried looks over her shoulder, but otherwise makes no move to help her daughter off the ground.*

*That hurts Max more than Neil’s hand ever could.*

*It’s only the beginning though. What she doesn’t realize at the time is that the slaps will become more frequent. They’ll turn into punches instead. Neil will get nastier, finds more and more ways to punish her.*

*This, however, is the day the old Maxine Mayfield died.*

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**1988**

Max takes a swig of the whiskey bottle she’s been sipping on for

about an hour now. She's drunk to the point where she can't even taste it anymore, but that's fine, because she prefers it that way.

Being drunk is very different from being high. When she's high alone, she thinks a lot, which is the opposite of what she tries to achieve. So she saves the weed and whatever else is available for when she's around people. People are a nice distraction.

When she's drunk, she doesn't care about anything. All common sense goes out the window, all thoughts of her life and her past vanish. It's just her and the bottle and music.

Hard liquor, however, tends to make her pretty aggressive, as she's learned, so she sticks to beer when she's at a party instead and leaves getting blackout drunk in Billy's room when she's stuck at home. And getting drunk or high in Billy's room is something she's been doing for a while now, because her own room has too many bad memories for her to enjoy herself in.

Plus, there's a different kind of energy in here. Yeah, his room is mostly bare, minus the furniture and few posters he left, and whatever Max has brought in here.

But, at the same time, it's just...cooler. Her own room is still a little too girly for her liking, and she if had the money or the motivation she'd change it.

*Maybe if you stopped getting fucked up all the time, you'd be able to hold down a job and would be more motivated,* the little voice in her head says.

Brushing the thoughts away with a snort, Max gets up off of Billy's old bed and stumbles over to her stereo that she's hooked up in here, turning it up louder just as *Sweet Child O' Mine* comes on.

"Fuck yeah!" God, she's so drunk. Time for another drink.

Walking is difficult and she knows she's being loud on her feet. Luckily her mom took a sleeping pill and wouldn't be in to see what's going on.

Max giggles. Fucking Susan. Couldn't be a parent when Neil was alive

but now wants to play concerned mother lately.

Yeah, that definitely deserves a drink.

She snatches the bottle up, tips her head back and takes the biggest swig she can, body dancing along to the music as she does so. There's just something about losing all control like this that she loves. *Craves.* When Neil had been alive she had to be quiet; couldn't even let him see her in here. The one time he did catch her, he dragged her by her hair out the room and whooped her with his belt. She still has the scars on her back from it.

At least he's rotting in hell now. Died of a heart attack six months ago. For the first time in forever she had her freedom back, and she does whatever she wants now as a result. Not like her mother has much of a backbone, anyway.

When Max comes stumbling into the house hours after she's supposed to be home, her mom just shakes her head in disappointment.

When Susan catches Max smoking weed or getting drunk in Billy's room, she just gives her a disapproving look and asks her to open a window.

When Max comes home with bruised knuckles, or when Susan gets a phone call from the principal because her daughter has been in *another* fight, her mother looks so drained and concerned that it makes Max's heart ache.

And then she'll remember that Susan allowed both her daughter and Billy to be abused, and her heart hardens again.

Hopper had told her to try and go a little easier on her mom. " *I don't blame you a damn bit for being mad at her, kid. Hell, you probably hate her guts for it sometimes, and I would, too. But she's scared shitless for you. Just try, okay? At least think about it."*

Jim Hopper, ever the wise since escaping the Russian's.

Taking out her pack of cigarettes, Max leans down and grabs one with her teeth; a trick she learned from watching Billy when he opened a fresh pack and had trouble getting one out because they

were packed so tightly.

By now she's so drunk that everything in her vision is criss-cross. She nearly falls on her ass as she goes to look at herself in the mirror. She, for a reason she can't explain right now, wants to see what everyone's talking about. She wants to see why everyone's so afraid of her.

Max stands in front of the mirror, and truthfully doesn't even recognize herself. Not that she'd recognize anything or anyone right now in her state, but even this drunk she knows something is off.

Her hair is longer and straighter. She's a lot taller, but still slender. She doesn't exactly smile much anymore and there's a hard look to her face that wasn't there before Neil started his shit.

Her style is different as well. Edgier. She still wears jeans, but tight jeans, and most days she chooses boots over sneakers. She's very into band T-shirts and leather jackets. The punk look just fits her somehow. Right now she's wearing Billy's jean jacket that he accidentally left behind. It's a little bit big on her, but she pulls it off.

With a grin, Max watches herself in the mirror as she blows out a puff of smoke, and wonders what Billy would have to say if he were here right now. Not that it matters. If anything he'd probably be pissed that he couldn't control her anymore.

She would never let anyone or anything control her again.

There's a rapid knock, then, that makes her jump.

"Maxine!" Susan calls from the other side of the door. "Open the door, please."

Cursing, Max turns off the stereo, and then takes her sweet time as she goes to open the door. Susan doesn't look too happy when she finally does. In fact, her mother looks completely done.

"What?" She takes a drag of her cigarette and leans against the doorframe; resists the urge to blow the smoke in Susan's face.

“Max, it’s 3 AM,” Susan sighs, “I have work in the morning—do I smell alcohol? Are you drinking in here *again?!”*

Max rolls her eyes a little dramatically and groans. “Do we have to go through this every time? I drink! What’s the big fucking deal?”

“You’re seventeen years old and all you do now is get drunk or high!” Susan cries, exasperated. “Is this really what you want to do with your life, Maxine? You want to end up just like Billy? Because that’s exactly where you’re heading! I’m sick of this!” Her mother is on the verge of tears. “What happened to my little girl?”

And, this time, Max does blow the smoke at her.

“Is that a serious fucking question?” The snarl in her voice makes Susan flinch. *Good.* She leans in close until she’s practically in her mother’s face.

“Maybe, if you hadn’t let your abusive, piece of shit husband put his hands on me for three fucking years, *mother,* everything would be different,” she hisses, and enjoys the way Susan’s eyes well up with tears. “Maybe if you hadn’t chosen him over me for so long, I wouldn’t be like this. Maybe this is *your* fault.”

Susan sniffles and reaches out to touch her daughter. “Max—Max, please try and understand-“

Max slams the door on her face.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Next chapter will dive a lot more into Max’s past and Billy will make an appearance :)

**Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading $<3$